

## Stuck With You

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Summary: "You're stuck in a lift with a complete stranger who happens to be in labour and all you can say is that's unfortunate?" Rose snapped at the ridiculously good-looking man she was now trapped with.

## Stuck With You

**\*\*A/N:** This was inspired by the timepetalsprompts drabble prompt over on tumblr. The drabble prompt this week is: birth! I don't really think this counts though since it's not really a drabble, but alas I could not keep it at 100 words! Hope you enjoy :)\*\*

**\*\*Disclaimer:** I do not own Doctor Who or anything related. \*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"Well, that's unfortunate."<p>

"You're stuck in a lift with a complete stranger who happens to be in labour and all you can say is that's unfortunate!?" Rose snapped at the ridiculously good-looking man she was now trapped with. And yes, she could recognise how handsome he was even in her current state.

The man's eyes widened in an almost comical manner. "You're in labour?"

Rose gasped and doubled over as another contraction hit her. "Just a bit," she groaned.

"Okaaaay," he drew out as he wrapped an arm around her and helped her ease her off her feet. "Lucky for you, I'm a doctor."

"Seriously? What type?"

He grinned. "All types."

"That supposed to sound impressive?" she asked as the contraction finally ended.

"A bit, yeah. Doctor John Noble at your service. And you're Rose Tyler. I'm not a creeper, I promise," he assured. "I can see your work ID clipped to your bag. Also, my sister Donna is your new neighbour. There." He nodded. "We're not strangers anymore." After a quick call to the authorities, John turned back to Rose. "So, anyone I can call for you? The father, perhaps."

Rose shook her head, taking deep breaths. "He's currently in Amsterdam with his new girlfriend."

He raised his eyebrows. "Well, he sounds charming. Do you have anyone else?"

"Just my mum and I don't think calling her right now would be a good idea. She'd only panic. Best wait till we're out of hereee-Oh!" she cried as another contraction hit.

John's face grew concerned. "Listen, Rose. I know this might be uncomfortable, but I need to see how far along you are, okay?" With a whimper and a nod, she gave her permission. "Rose, has your water already broke?"

"Yeah. That's why I'm in the lift. I couldn't take the stairs."

"Right. Rose Tyler, it looks like you're about to become a mum. You're fully dilated."

Her heart began racing, as began frantically looking for a way out of their confined space. "No. No, no, no, no, no, no, no! I can't. It's too early. He's not due for another two weeks and I can't. I can't give birth in a lift! I don't even have a cot yet! Or nappies!"

"Hey, hey! It's going to be okay, yeah? I'm here and I know you don't know me, but I promise you, Rose. I won't let anything happen to you or your baby. Right now, help is on it's way."

"So's the baby!" she sobbed.

He smiled. "Yes, yes he is. We're going to do this together alright? We'll worry about the cot and the nappies later. Let's focus on one thing at a time."

Tears prickled Rose's eyes. "Together."

\* \* \*

><p>"Can't believe you're even willin' to take the lift after what happened to you."<p>

"Mum, I just gave birth two days ago. I'm not about to walk up three flights of stairs. 'Sides, they fixed the lift," Rose informed her confidently, though she couldn't deny that when the lift doors opened to her floor, she gave a heavy sigh of relief. Snuggling her son

closer to her chest, Rose rounded the corner towards her flat. She frowned when she spotted a large item sitting in front of her door. "Mum, did you order something?"

"Not me." The older woman shook her head. "One of your mates must have dropped something off."

As she drew closer, Rose quickly realised what the item was. There, waiting for her, was a beautiful hand carved wooden cot, decorated with stars and planets. Inside the cot was a large supply of cloth and disposable nappies. Picking up the card that rested on top, she read.

\_I told you we would worry about the cot and nappies later. Call me if you need anything. I'm an excellent babysitter.\_

\_- Doctor John Noble.\_

"John Noble? Isn't that the bloke you were stuck with?"

"Yeah." Rose smiled down at her sleeping son. "Come on then, Johnny. Let's put your new cot to use."

End  
file.